

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 111

Zachary was so upset by Yvette's words that his chest hurt. "This daughter of mine is infuriating he thought.

Meanwhile, Lucas wished he could shrink into a tiny gnome, thinking Ms. Zeller is so brave. Can't she see that Mr. Chambers head is practically steaming with anger?

Lucas also wondered why Zachary would suddenly make a will, not to mention calling Yvette over there alone without Nellie, Winona, or Zeke. The whole thing was strange on its own. Still, Lucas lowered his head further, knowing that sometimes ignorance is bliss.

Zachary took a sip of his coffee to calm himself. His expression seemed gloomy as he sighed softly.

"Yvette, I know you're still mad at me for kicking you out and forcing you to live in the dorms. Let's move on from that. I had my reasons. I won't make you if you don't want to return to the family. This will is a token of my affection to you. Could you please do me a favor and look at it?" said Zachary

Zachary had lowered his pride and practically begged. Even Lucas felt bad for Zachary as he thought about how deep the latter's feelings were toward Yvette.

However, Yvette looked up with her brows slightly furrowed. Her gaze was cold as she seemed unmoved.

Zachary hung his head in defeat. Is it still not enough? Yvette doesn't even care about the inheritance. Just how much does she detest me?' he thought.

"Give me," Yvette said.

Instantly, Zachary lifted his head. His eyes were filled with immense joy as he replied shakily, "H-Here. Take your time, Yvette. There's no rush. No rush..."

Zachary carefully placed the documents in Yvette's hands and refilled her coffee cup attentively when she read the document.

Even Lucas couldn't stand watching Zachary's behavior. Lucas thought, 'Is this the same man who ruled the business world? He's completely devoted to his daughter'

Yvette skimmed through the document, which was about 20 pages. Spending less than 30 seconds on each page, it only took her five to six minutes to finish them. When Yvette finished reading the will and put it down, the coffee Zachary poured was still warm.

Then, Zachary said, “Yvette, you’ve finished already? Do you want to look again? There are many additional clauses. You-”

Yvette interrupted, “No need. I’m done.”

Zachary was astonished, but he didn’t doubt Yvette’s words. He was merely surprised how she read everything in under ten minutes. How can anyone read that fast? He couldn’t grasp what kind of extraordinary daughter he and Lilion had giv

birth to.

Yet, seeing Yvette’s expressionless face after reading the document, Zachary couldn’t help but feel a little uneasy.

What does this mean? Is she dissatisfied? I already left 60% of my shares, plus the mansion, my antique collection, and a trust fund to her, thought Zachary

Zachary racked his brains, wondering what else he had. However, no matter how much he tried, those were all his assets. Thus, he said. These are all I have. There’s really nothing else. They’re all yours when I’m gone one day.”

Lucas stood by in astonishment. He never imagined the content of the will would be so shocking. The will had basically made Yvette the future heir of the Chambers family.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 112

Nellie didn’t dare to show any attitude toward Zachary, so she smiled and said, “Darling, I was just in a hurry. Please forgive me this time. I’ll let you know before I come next time.”

Nellie smiled brightly. However, despite her charm, there was no hiding the fine lines on the face of a woman in her fifties like her. There was still a big difference compared to a young woman in her twenties.

Especially when Nellie stood beside Yvette, their faces formed a stark contrast. Thus, Zachary frowned slightly with displeasure when Nellie acted coquettishly.

Didn’t she see where we’re at? Yvette is right here. So inappropriate, thought Zachary

Nellie didn’t expect her attempt to please Zachary would backfire and that the usual trick that worked would upset him further. The atmosphere instantly became awkward.

Then, Yvette got up. With her hands in her pockets, she tilted her head, raised her eyebrows, and returned to her carefree self. “I’m leaving,” she said.

Zachary's attitude changed immediately. He quickly spoke, worried that Yvette would be gone if he hesitated.

"Yvette, we can put that matter we've just discussed aside for now. See me when you've thought it over. The most important thing right now is your welcome home party this Sunday. You must come. I'll have Lucas pick you up from school that day. I'll get a designer to design your dress, okay? Just let me know if you have any other requests. I'll do everything I can to make it happen." said Zachary

Next to them. Nellie was clenching her teeth so hard that her smile froze. She looked horrible and extremely pale

The highlight of the party was supposed to be Winona's apprenticeship ceremony, but Zachary's words indicated that Yvette's welcome home party was the priority,

Nellie knew how much Zachary used to care about Winona's apprenticeship. However, everything has changed ever since Yvette returned. Winona was no longer the star of the party.

Nellie couldn't accept it. She was furious with hatred, and the hostility in her gaze toward Yvette was obvious.

Lucas briefly glanced up at them and lowered his gaze again. Mr. Chambers favors Ms. Zeller so blatantly without caring. about Mrs. Chambers' feelings Didn't he notice how grim Mr. Chambers' face is? Sigh. What if Mrs. Chambers finds out about the will? I can't imagine what would happen, thought Lucas.

Lucas also wondered if the Smith family behind Nellie would stand by and watch.

Meanwhile, Yvette stopped in her tracks on her way out. She didn't look back but nodded slightly.

That small gesture was enough to make Zachary ecstatic. He knew that meant Yvette agreed. With that, he could finally relax. Zachary was prepared to swallow his pride to convince her if Yvette refused

It was no doubt that Zachary and Lucas' minds worked similarly after being together for so many years.

Nellie also suppressed the jealousy inside her when she saw Yvette nod. After all, Nellie's plan wouldn't work if Yvette didn't attend the party. Thus, Yvette's return was just what Nellie wanted.

Yvette's demeanor seemed cold as she pushed the door open to leave.

"When Yvette returns.

I'll find her a top designer team. Don't worry, Darling," said Nellie.

Zachary's expression softened a bit upon hearing that. He turned slightly, showing Nellie a kinder attitude than before as he said, "Okay. Put in some effort. Money is not a problem. Make sure Yvette's happy, okay?"

Nellie noticed Zachary's expression change like that of a doting father whenever he talked about Yvette.

Suppressing her annoyance, Nellie maintained a sweet demeanor as she replied, "Okay, Darling. I got it. I'll make sure you see a gorgeous Yvette. The tailors are downstairs. I'll call them up now, okay?"

Having solved a major problem, Zachary felt much happier and decided to let Nellie's uninvited visit slide. Thus, he nodded and replied, "Let them come up. I still have work after they take the measurements, so you should leave." He asked Nellie to leave without mercy.

Nellie almost dug a hole in her bag, but she didn't dare show it on her face. "Okay," she said.

When the tailors arrived, Nellie planned to look at the documents Zachary had just put away to see the contents while he tried on the suit. However, as though he could read her mind, Zachary gestured for her to sit on the couch and had Lucas help him get dressed.

While Nellie lowered her head to sip her coffee, Zachary quickly placed the document into the safety deposit box on the left side of the office.

Even though Nellie was sipping her coffee, she was distracted and watched Zachary's actions. She paused when she saw him putting away the document. Then, she acted like she hadn't seen anything and continued with her coffee.

What sort of document needs to be in a safe? wondered Nellie. At that moment, she was increasingly certain that the document was no ordinary document. She had to find a chance to discover what document Zachary had shown Yvette

him.

The next day, Yvette was in the Principal's office. Half an hour ago, she was called to the office by a staff member when she had just stepped into the physics classroom.

By the time Yvette arrived, Simon had already completed all his tasks. He had also prepared coffee, so the air was filled with

the coffee's aroma.

There were also some snacks and nuts on the table. One might even mistake it for a tea party. Who would have expected it to be the Principal's office of the renowned Argrol University?

Simon wasn't fond of coffee, but he kept a box in the office because Yvette liked it. These preparations were because she would be a regular visitor in the future. Besides that, Simon even made sure to stock up on some snacks that girls tend to like.

When Yvette entered, Simon's eyes lit up as he glanced at her from top to bottom. "Hmm. Good. She's perfectly fine. If she were to get hurt outside, Mr. Owens might charge over here, thought Simon. He then said, "You're here, Yvette. Have a seat.

Yvette nodded politely. Looking relaxed, she greeted, "Hello, Mr. Sunderland. Then, she glanced at the items prepared on the table, sat casually on the couch, and lowered her gaze.

Simon was accustomed to Yvette's aloofness and simply grinned at her kindly. "Have you sorted everything out? If you need any help, just let me know. Don't be shy," he offered.

Yvette looked up and replied calmly, "Everything's fine, Mr. Sunderland"

Hearing that, Simon didn't pry any further and merely moved the snacks on the table toward Yvette.

"Got these specifically for you. I wasn't sure what young girls like to eat, so I had someone gather a selection. Try them and let me know which ones you like. I'll keep some in the office for you in the future, so you don't only have coffee with an old man like me when you visit again," said Simon.

Yvette paused slightly and glanced at the snacks on the table. There was a brief silence as she thought of how tasty the snacks looked. Finally, Yvette looked up and, for the first time, thanked Simon sincerely. Simon's smile widened.

Simon cleared his throat and spoke to Yvette, who was munching on some chips. "A couple of days ago, the Chambers family sent me an invitation for Sunday's event. They've combined Winona's apprenticeship ceremony with your welcome home party. Whose side was bead

Treme took a bite of her chip and replied "alle"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 113

Simon's hand froze mid-air, the coffee cup hovering as he frowned. He could already guess what Nellie was scheming- 'Really? She just got Yvette back home, and now she

wants to embarrass her? What kind of lousy plan is this? Who knows what other tricks she'll pull at the banquet? he thought.

Initially, Simon had not planned on attending. He and Tobias were supposed to head home that day to deal with some matters. But now, watching Yvette happily munching on her chips, he changed his mind.

He'd go to the Chambers family banquet—just to make sure nothing unexpected happened to her. If Jeremiah was going, Simon wouldn't be as worried. But knowing him, Jeremiah probably wouldn't attend.

Crowds were never his thing. In all his years in Betrico, Jeremiah had barely attended any banquets, and events in a small place like Seacuity were unlikely to change that. No one could convince him otherwise.

Simon sighed, his mind drifting to the past. "Nellie isn't easy to deal with. When she was younger, she was known for being stubborn and spoiled. After your mom passed, she got pregnant with your dad's child, which stirred up a scandal among the elite.

He continued. "Mr. Matthew Chambers practically threatened to end his own life if your dad didn't agree to the marriage. Your dad eventually gave in. So, Nellie married into the Chambers family, just like she wanted. Over time, she cleaned up her act, and people started forgetting her past."

"These days, she has a solid reputation among high society. But still, people can change, and you never know their true intentions. If she plans to host both events at the same banquet, be cautious. Better safe than sorry, he added.

Yvette's hand paused on her coffee cup, and surprise flickered briefly in her usually calm eyes. She tapped the cup thoughtfully before nodding. "Yeah, I'll keep that in mind."

Later, at 9:00 p.m. in Argrol University's library, Andrew had been pestering Jeremiah for two hours, trying to convince him to go to the bar. Jeremiah remained unyielding, his eyes calmly scanning the pages of a classic novel.

Andrew wore his most charming smile. "Jeremiah, I was wrong. I really didn't know Yvette would leave right after the competition. Come on, be the bigger person, and let it slide just this once."

Finally, Jeremiah closed his book and stood. He was dressed in perfectly pressed pants, not a wrinkle in sight. His action made Andrew's face light up with hope. But Jeremiah's cold words quickly dashed his excitement. "No," Jeremiah said.

Andrew's smile fell. 'All Arnold's fault for insisting that Jeremiah keep an eye on me, he thought.

If Arnold found out he went to the bar again, he'd probably drag him back to Betrico for a beating so severe he wouldn't get out of bed for days. He had experienced that once when he defied Arnold, and he had no desire for a repeat.

Desperate, Andrew moved around Jeremiah, suddenly struck by an idea. His eyes lit up. "Come on, Jeremiah! Let me go just this once. Keep it quiet, and I swear, whatever you need, I'm there. I'd even take a bullet for you!"

Andrew almost convinced himself with his own words, but Jeremiah's expression didn't change. "No"

Andrew slumped in defeat. 'Fine. If he says no, it's no. Jeremiah's just being petty because I didn't tell him about Yvette leaving. Choosing a girl over your best friend. How typical he thought.

Outside the library, Winona stood alone in the cold night, wearing a white V-neck dress that left her legs exposed below the knee. She had meticulously applied her makeup to attract attention, but in the chilly breeze, she looked pitiful, hugging herself for warmth.

When Jeremiah and Andrew walked out, they spotted her by the door, her face flushed from the cold. As they approached, Winona subtly shifted in their direction, pretending not to notice them. She "accidentally tripped on a small stone, teetering as if she were about to fall into Jeremiah's arms.

But things didn't | go as planned. Instead of catching her, Jeremiah sidestepped smoothly, avoiding her completely. Winona's eyes widened in shock, and she tried to stop herself, but she had put too much force into the fake fall. Now, there was no stopping it.

She hit the ground hard, her white dress tearing and getting dirty. The pain was very real this time, and tears welled in her eyes. She looked up at Jeremiah, her tear-filled eyes brimming with emotion.

Andrew snorted, thinking. This trick? Winona doesn't realize this act is so overplayed among the socialites in Betrico.

Jeremiah didn't even glance her way. He had seen plenty of women—far more beautiful and interesting—and none had caught his attention. Andrew struggled to suppress his laughter, crossing his arms as he watched Winona's performance.

In her usual soft voice, Winona called out, "Mr. Chavez, I've twisted my ankle. Could you help me?"

Jeremiah calmly pulled out his phone, his long fingers tapping a quick message to Yvette, completely ignoring Winona on the ground. Winona, though embarrassed, still

felt a twisted sense of satisfaction. Only a man like him is worthy of me. I'll do whatever it takes to win him over, she thought.

When Jeremiah finished his text, he finally glanced down at her. Winona's heart leaped; her face looked even more pitiable, as though she might burst into tears at any moment. "Mr. Chavez, please help me. My ankle hurts so much," she said.

Without a word, Jeremiah pulled a tissue from his pocket, wiped his hands, and tossed it casually onto Winona's dress. In a lazy tone, he said, "Sorry, I don't pick up trash.

Winona's face turned pale, her hands trembling as rage boiled inside her. She thought to herself, "What did he just say? I thought Jeremiah would treat me with gentleness, compassion, affection, admiration, or even infatuation. I never imagined he would be so heartless and cold...

Never in her life had anyone called her trash. She stared at Jeremiah in disbelief, thinking, "How could someone so powerful and mysterious say that? Why would he humiliate me like this?"

However, she swallowed her anger, refusing to believe that Jeremiah could be indifferent to a woman throwing herself at him. 'Even if he's with Yvette, does he really plan to stay faithful to her forever?' she thought. She refused to accept it.

When Winona looked up again, there was no hint of displeasure in her eyes; instead, she maintained a pitiful expression toward Jeremiah, her voice softened. "Mr. Chavez, if you don't want to help me, that's fine. But why insult me?*

Winona decided to change tactics. Since Jeremiah didn't respond to her previous approach, she would try something new. After all, she had pretended for years by playing the role Victor wanted. She could easily pretend to be the kind of person Jeremiah liked. There was no real difference.

Andrew, observing her effortlessly shifting emotions, was almost impressed. 'She's like a character straight out of a role-playing game, he thought. But unfortunately for her, this was Jeremiah, and he wasn't playing along.

Jeremiah's expression remained unreadable. He looked down at her, his tone indifferent. "You want me to help you?"

Andrew's eyes widened in surprise. 'No way! Is Jeremiah actually falling for this?' he thought.

Winona's heart soared as she thought, 'So he's not immune after all. She bit her lip, pretending to stay strong.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 114

“Thank you, Mr. Chavez Winona said, reaching out her hand. One second passed, then two seconds... but nothing happened.

Winona lowered her head, waiting for what felt like an eternity without any response, Panic began to creep in as she finally glanced up, her face pitiful and tears welling in her eyes.

Jeremiah hadn't even looked at her, while Andrew stood casually with his hands in his pockets, his expression full of blatant disdain. Still unwilling to give up. Winona called out again, “Mr. Chavez, can you help me?”

This time. Jeremiah gave her a brief, cold glance, his gaze sharp enough to sting. Without another word, he looked past her into the distance. Suddenly, his expression softened, revealing a glimpse of something more vulnerable beneath his usual stoic demeanor.

Winona's heart sank at the sight. Stiffly, she turned her head to follow his gaze and spotted two figures approaching in the distance. Her heart dropped, filled with disappointment and a stubborn resolve not to give up.

Yvette had just finished showering when she received Jeremiah's text. She was about to sit down at her computer but quickly changed her plans, grabbing Bonnie to head out. Dressed in casual workout clothes, they left together. Thanks to Yvette's influence, Bonnie had also started favoring athleisure.

Though while Yvette wore simple black and white, Bonnie preferred bright, playful colors. Yvette was in black, while Bonnie wink. They drew attention wherever they went, especially with Yvette's reputation at Argrol University.

stance, Bonnie spotted Jeremiah and Andrew at the library entrance, their striking appearances impossible to miss. noticed a girl in a white dress sitting on the ground, though she couldn't make out who it was

Watching the situation, Bonnie thought, Is this girl trying to pull a stunt? Probably not for money. More likely this is just because of Jeremiah's good looks... To Bonnie, Jeremiah already felt like he belonged to Yvette.

Yvette, focused on replying to a message from Eagle King, had not looked up yet. Bonnie, fuming, grabbed Yvette's arm and exclaimed, “Yve, someone's pulling a stunt on Jeremiah. For love and justice, we have to save him!” Without waiting for a response, she tugged Yvette toward the library.

Hearing this, Yvette finally looked up and spotted the library entrance. Unlike Bonnie, she instantly recognized the girl on the ground as Winona, Jeremiah, noticing their approach, walked toward Yvette and Bonnie. “You're here,” he said.

Andrew remained where he was, glancing down at Winona. I have got to give her credit for sticking around this long: he thought to himself.

Yvette nodded, her expression calm and indifferent, carrying a hint of defiance. As Bonnie moved closer and realized it was Winona sitting on the ground, her irritation intensified. 'Why is she here?' she thought, feeling a surge of annoyance.

"Bonnie, you look like you're ready to bite someone. What's got you so worked up?" Andrew teased, but Bonnie wasn't in the mood for banter. She pointed at Winona, who was still sitting on the ground, her face full of exaggerated sorrow.

"What's her deal?" Bonnie asked.

Andrew waved his hand dismissively, sounding exasperated. "We found her collapsed at the library entrance when we walked out. She's been refusing to get up, insisting someone help her."

His blunt words left no room for Winona to save face. Her complexion turned pale as she glanced toward Jeremiah and Yvette standing together on the steps. Neither spoke, but the quiet understanding between them was palpable, leaving not room for anyone else.

Yvette hadn't even acknowledged Winona's presence, and that cold indifference stung the most. Winona clenched her fists, her nails pressing into her palms as anger simmered within her, she thought, "How dare Bonnie, of all people, look down on me?"

Noticing the scrape on Winona's leg and the blood trickling down, Bonnie's irritation softened slightly. Despite her anger, she couldn't bring herself to kick someone while they were down. "Hey, do you need help getting up?" she asked gruffly, surprising Andrew, who had expected Bonnie to lash out.

Bonnie is still too young; she could easily be fooled by such a simple trick. She'd probably get conned without even realizing it, he thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah, standing beside Yvette, caught the fresh, cool scent of her body wash. His throat tightened as he thought, "My self-control around Yvette is slipping. This isn't good."

Hearing him sigh, Yvette turned slightly, looking up at him with a curious expression. "Why are you sighing?" she asked.

Jeremiah was caught by the focused, serious look in Yvette's eyes, as if he were the only person in her sight, and felt his heart skip a beat. Without thinking, he reached out and gently turned her toward him.

As his hand touched her shoulder, Yvette instinctively tensed, ready to defend herself. But the moment she realized it was Jeremiah, she relaxed, and they stood face to face. "Don't look at me like that," Jeremiah said softly. "I'm afraid that I..." He trailed off, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Yvette furrowed her brows in frustration. She hated it when Jeremiah left his thoughts hanging; it was one of her biggest pet peeves. Meanwhile, Winona watched Jeremiah and Yvette, her jealousy boiling over.

At that moment, if she'd had a knife, she wouldn't have hesitated to use it. She was convinced that if Yvette were out of the picture, everything would be hers.

Bonnie noticed the dangerous look on Winona's face and instinctively took a step back, right onto Andrew's foot. "Ouch! Bonnie, why'd you step on me?" Andrew yelped.

His shout snapped Winona back to reality. She quickly masked her fury, replacing it with her usual gentle expression. Standing up with effort, she brushed the dirt off her skirt, making sure to highlight the cut on her leg. Ignoring Andrew and Bonnie, she limped toward Yvette and Jeremiah.

"Yvie, Mr. Chavez, are you two together? Does Dad know?" Winona asked provocatively, her tone sharp. Realizing there was no point in pretending anymore, and considering Yvette wouldn't believe her no matter what, she decided to drop the act and go all in.

Yvette glanced at her, her expression unreadable, then calmly put her phone away. Her voice was icy, sending a chill down Winona's spine. "You must have a lot of free time, she remarked,

Winona was caught off guard, momentarily confused by the sudden shift in the conversation. Nearby, Bonnie snickered, already anticipating what was about to unfold. Yvette continued, her tone cool and unyielding, "Since you're so eager to poke your nose into other people's business."

It took a moment for the sting of the insult to fully sink in, but when it did, Winona's face flushed with humiliation. Even in front of Jeremiah, she fought to maintain her composure and not let her emotions show.

The more arrogant Yvette becomes, the more I'll play the understanding one. Sooner or later, Jeremiah will see my worth. she thought to herself.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 115

Winona's eyes were red as she glanced at Yvette, looking incredibly frightened. Anyone who did not know better might think. Yvette had done something to her. "Yvie, I didn't

mean anything by it. I need to prepare for Mr. Griffin's arrival tomorrow, so I'll leave first."

he was determined

After saying that, Winona glanced at Jeremiah pitifully with an affectionate look before limping away. She to annoy Yvette even if she could not ruin their relationship for the time being.

Winona had not walked far when she heard Jeremiah say to Yvette, "Let's go. I've ordered you your favorite steak and milkshake. It'll be ready when we get there."

Winona paused, unable to resist turning around. She watched as Yvette and the others walked away. Finally unable to keep it together, she sat on a nearby bench and burst into tears.

She swore to herself that she would repay the humiliation she suffered today double to Yvette and would not let Bonnie off the hook either.

Winona sat on the bench in a daze for a while before pulling out her phone and calling Victor. Right now, he was the only one she could rely on.

Meanwhile, Victor, who received Winona's call, was lost in the tenderness of a woman's embrace.

Lately, Winona had not really talked to Victor much, and since he could not stand loneliness, he ended up hooking up with a young model.

Victor did love Winona. But for him, love and sex were separate things. His love for Winona did not stop him from sleeping with other women. For guys, this was nothing out of the ordinary

"Hey, Winona, what's up?" As Victor was speaking, a pair of tender hands wrapped around his chest, caressing him. He felt both guilty and excited, his voice trembling slightly.

He covered the phone and whispered to the woman beside him. "Be good, okay?"

The woman was getting into the mood. She knew men were like that, acting like it was nothing when they were clearly enjoying it.

Victor comforted the young model and picked up the phone again.

Winona purposely stayed silent, unaware that this gave Victor time to flirt. She was trying to be smart, only to make things.

worse.

Victor asked, "What's wrong? Winona, say something. Did something happen? I'm really worried when you don't speak."

Finally, Winona let out a soft sob, and gradually, her crying became louder.

Hearing the distress in Winona's cry, Victor realized something was seriously wrong. Winona rarely cried like this in front of him. Her tears dispelled any mischievous thoughts he had.

To Victor, Winona was different from other women. With the others, it was just a fling. But Winona was his childhood sweetheart, meant to be his wife someday.

Not to mention, Victor genuinely cared for Winona. He was worried that something might have happened to her. He got up and

put on his clothes as he spoke into the phone. "Winona, please don't cry. Where are you! I'll be there right away."

On the other end of the line, Winona wore a satisfied smile, though her voice still sounded tearful. "I'm at school Victor, you don't need to come over I'm fine really"

2 No network available now. Please check your network.

Victor was relieved to hear that Winona was at school. But the more she insisted, the more he found it strange. He told her to stay put and wait for him. He hung up the phone, grabbed his car keys, and headed out.

The young model was not happy to see Victor leaving and reached out to stop him. "Victor, it's so late. Can't you just stay?"

Victor still found her somewhat intriguing and patiently coaxed her a bit before leaving without a backward glance, leaving her fuming in the hotel rooms.

The young model thought, Victor's fiancée sure is a tough one to deal with. Humphr

Jeremiah had reserved a VIP room at the steakhouse as usual. This time, before heading there, he had already ordered everything Yvette liked and even had the staff get milkshakes from next door. So when they arrived, the food was ready.

During the meal, Bonnie stared at Jeremiah and then glanced at Yvette, who was focused on her steak. Unable to hold it in, she asked. "Jeremiah, is Winona trying to flirt with you?"

Andrew had just taken a bite of his steak when he started choking. He quickly grabbed his glass and took several gulps, not forgetting to kick Bonnie under the table.

He thought. Bonnie that fool! How dare she ask something like that right to Jeremiah's face? Who on earth gave her the guts to probe into Jeremiah's private life?

Bonnie looked at Andrew, puzzled. "Why did you kick me? I just accidentally stepped on your foot. Are you grudge?"

still holding a

Jeremiah paused with his fork in mid-air, glancing at Andrew who was making faces at Bonnie, then casually put salad on Yvette's plate. Seeing Yvette act like she did not hear Bonnie, he felt somewhat disappointed.

Jeremiah shifted his posture. His voice was light and lazy as he spoke to Bonnie, but his gaze remained fixed on Yvette. "I've given my heart to someone"

In an instant, Andrew and Bonnie turned their eyes to Yvette.

Three pairs of eyes-one intense, two filled with gossip-made it hard for Yvette to ignore them. She slowly lifted her head, picked up the milkshake, took a sip, and remained silent.

Bonnie began to ask the question. "Jeremiah, is the person-

Yvette quickly interrupted her, "Bonnie, have some food."

Bonnie sheepishly mimed zipping her lips. Seeing Yvette was not angry but clearly was not interested in the topic, she decided to drop it. She originally attempted to help Jeremiah but totally failed in the end.

Until the steak meal concluded, Jeremiah and Yvette barely spoke to each other. It was the usual scenario with Jeremiah serving and Yvette eating while Andrew and Bonnie bickering

Meanwhile, Victor saw Winona sitting on a bench by the roadside when he reached the school in his limited-edition luxury car. He quickly got out of the car and went over to her, "Winona, what's wrong? What happened? Did someone bully you?"

When Winona saw Victor after enduring the blow from Jeremiah and the contempt of Andrew and the others, her bottled-up grievances burst forth. She rushed over and hugged him tightly, only to catch a whiff of floral-scented perfume.

Winona's expression changed at once. She had not seen Victor for three days, and the scent was not from her perfume, which could only mean he had just been with another woman.

Winona swallowed her disgust. Right now, Victor was the only person she could rely on. She had no choice but to pretend not to notice the scent. "Victor, I'm so upset. Yvie... Yvie..."

As Victor heard it involved Yvette, he started venting his anger even before knowing the details. It's her again! Why can't she

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 116

The hustle and bustle began around 8 am on Saturday at the Chambers residence. Nellie was up early and donned the dark green gown tailored for her, adorned with her precious gemstone necklace worth millions, looking royally elegant.

Since that was the day the president of the Art Association, Richard, would be visiting Seacuity, Nellie had been getting ready since 7 a.m., despite the flight arriving at 10 am.

Once she finished preparations, she went downstairs, not seeing Zeke anywhere. The housekeeper told her that Zeke was still sleeping in Annoyed, Nellie went upstairs to drag her son out of bed.

What time is it already? Trying to piss me off? Did you forget what day it is? I told you to turn in early. Why have you stayed up again? Look at you! The hell of an impression you'll make on Mr. Grillin. Get up right now! You'll have half an hour to prepare before we head to the airport to receive him, fumed Nellie.

Zeke impatiently ruffled his messy hair. Seeing how mad his mother was, he dared not argue as he crawled out of the covers. Leave me. Mom. I have no clothes on. I promise I'll be downstairs in half an hour."

Nellie nagged at Zeke a bit before heading downstairs. Knowing how important the occasion was, Zeke dawdled no further and quickly washed up before getting dressed.

The night before at Victor's condominium, Winona tossed and turned, having not slept a wink. When she went to the living room to get water, she passed by Victor's room and noticed his light was still on, so she thoughtfully fetched him a cup of

Just as she was about to knock on the door, Victor's voice came. "Be good. I'll come over next week. Didn't you like that limited edition bag we saw the other day? I'll get you that if you behave."

Winona clenched the cup with her head down, Eyes clouded with grim, she paused for a moment, looked up, and emitted a snort before walking away. Inside the room was Victor, completely unaware as he continued flirting with that model.

Winona lay in bed, staring at the ceiling until dawn motionlessly like a corpse, her eyes filled with madness and hatred. Suddenly, the phone rang. The buzz went off and on repeatedly for a solid ten-minutes.

It was then that as if Winona finally heard it. Her fingers twitched as she stiffly got up to grab the phone from the table. Checking the caller ID, she paused, cleared her throat, and answered, "Hello, Mom"

Then came Nellie's frustrated tone through the line. "Where've you been? You stayed out all night and never answered your phone this morning. Mr. Griffin'll be landing soon, so where are you? Have I been too easy on you lately, Winona, letting you stay out without even calling home? Do you know how worried I was?"

Sarcasm marred Winona's face. Worried? She? More like afraid I'd mess up and ruin the apprenticeship ceremony, then fail to pave the way for my dear brother, not to mention catering to her own dignity among Seacurity's noblewomen, was her thought

Winona might ponder that way, but she showed no hint of dissatisfaction toward Nellie. Drawing a deep breath, she cooed, "My bad, Mom. I'm at Victor's place. I'll be home in a minute. My phone's out of juice, so I missed your messages.

Hearing that, Nellie probed in a jiffy, "Winona, did you... Did you and Victor ever... You know?"

Winona understood what Nellie meant. With a tinge of shyness, she replied, "Don't worry, Mom. I... I haven't done it with him. We were in separate rooms."

Only then did Nellie relax. She had faith that Winona would not bluff, considering how she had brought her daughter up. and that made Nellie's tone turn pleasant.

"Alright, Winona, I'm just looking out for you. You should know that men won't cherish what comes too easily. Only with some means to keep Victor intrigued will it make him treasure you. Trust me; I'd never lead you astray."

Nellie's speech seemed so sincere that those who did not know better might really think she was a good mother looking out for her daughter, but only Winona knew Nellie was selfish, looking out for nobody except herself

The sneer on Winona's face intensified. Never would she buy any of Nellie's words, musing. 'If she spoke the truth, she'd not have shared Dad's bed and then used me and Zeke to blackmail Dad to wed her

To think that Nellie spilled out those righteous words, it felt nothing more than a joke to Winona. The only reason Winona had yet to sleep with Victor was to keep her options open

“I know you wouldn’t.” Winona paused for a moment and then asked, “Mom, is Lucas gonna bring Yvette home today?”

Nellie was seething on that note. “Yeah. Your dad asked the daughter of the Sterling family to custom-make a gown for her. She’ll be delivering it personally later this afternoon for Yvette to try on.”

“The Sterling family? Winona secretly exclaimed, shocked, so she asked again to be sure, “Is she Sienna Sienna Sterling?”

Nellie had already confirmed time and again that it was indeed that very Sienna, wondering if Zachary had been suspicious of her, letting her in on it only the day before. She was also surprised when she first heard it.

Sienna was infamously a difficult person. In her teens, her family sent her abroad to study fashion design. It was only in recent years that she became internationally renowned and collaborated with somebody to create her brand. Vibe

The second Vibe clothing line launched, it shot to fame worldwide, making 300 million dollars in sales in its first quarter. The Sterling family was but an average family in Seacriety, yet with Sienna’s success, their status soared, propelling them into the upper echelon as a top-tier family.

“Yeah, it’s that same Sienna. Who knows what’s gotten into her? Usually, she’ll only make five custom gowns a year. This year, she’s already met her quota. Still, she accepted your dad’s order. He must’ve paid her a lot. I was hoping she’d make one for you but it’s too late now. No worries, though. I’ve already contacted Eminence Couture to design your custom gown. It’ll be just as stunning,” said Nellie.

Winona also thought Nellie had a point. Without reading into it, Winona only felt incredibly jealous, for her father had willingly spent on Yvette. It was then that she checked her watch.

“Mom. I’m gonna pack up now, I have some everyday cosmetics and clothes here at Victor’s place. Ill get everything ready here and meet you guys straight at the airport,” she suggested.

Nellie was so focused on advising Winona that she lost track of time. Realizing that Winona would be rushing back and forth, Nellie agreed with Winona’s plan to rendezvous at the airport. After Winona hung up, she went to wake Victor up.

Opening his eyes, Victor was astonished by Winona's haggard look as she stood by the bed. "What's wrong, Winona? Why do you look so tired? Those dark circles made you look worse!"

Winona was still holding a grudge about what happened the night before, thus being icy toward Victor's concern, only nodding in return. "It's nothing. Hurry and get ready. We're gonna pick Mr. Griffin up at the airport."

Of course, Victor knew exactly who Winona was talking about. He dared not take the matter lightly, so he got up in a heartbeat to tidy himself and even donned a formal suit.

Seeing Victor ready, Winona smiled with satisfaction as she stepped forward to help him with his tie. Her display of a perfect partner image made Victor feel appreciated.

Victor took it so seriously because he was aware of just how important Richard was—hardly anyone would be clueless about what the president of Art Association represented.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 117

Winona happened to bump into Nellie and Zeke at the entrance of Seacurity Airport. They exchanged greetings and went into the airport lobby together.

As they chatted along the way, Nellie nudged Victor, subtly suggesting that he should keep a respectful distance from Winona before marriage and not act impulsively.

Victor just nodded with a smile, unsure if he really understood. Nellie wasn't sure if he understood either. As an elder, she couldn't say much more, so the topic was dropped.

Winona was quiet on the sidelines. Zeke fell a step behind to walk beside her. He sneered coldly and said unkindly, "Look at how much Mom worries about you, Sis. She's afraid Victor might take advantage of you, but I think she worries too much. You know, if you don't sleep with him, there's plenty of women out there waiting to pounce on him, hehe..."

Winona gave Zeke a sideways glance. She was already accustomed to this kind of sarcasm, having had a strained relationship with Zeke since childhood.

She said. "You don't need to worry about me, but you should watch yourself. With Dad spoiling Yvette, are you sure you'll inherit the Chambers family as the rightful heir? Instead of mocking me, you'd better focus on your grades. If Dad finds out you've been using a stand-in for your exams, it won't end well for you."

Zeke's face darkened as he shot a sinister glare at Winona, his voice dripping with malice. "I'm warning you, if you dare to backstab me. I'll have Mom deal with you. You know whose side she's on between the two of us, right?"

Winona understood her circumstances. She knew that in front of Nellie, she'd never prevail against Zeke, so she wouldn't invite bad luck upon herself. After all, the three of them were in the same boat. They prospered together and suffered together. She understood this..

She replied, "I don't have the time to bother with you, so you'd better not make fun of me, either. Our common enemy is Yvette. You should focus on how to deal with her in the future. If things continue like this, will we still have a place in Dad's heart or the Chambers family? Think about it carefully."

Winona knew exactly what mattered most to Zeke: being the heir to the Chambers family and the shares that their father held. Sure enough, upon hearing this, Zeke stopped glaring at her and looked down, saying nothing. Winona knew Zeke was taking her words seriously,

"Good, let them fight it out. I can take advantage of it as a bystander, she thought.

Richard came to Seacriety this time with only two people. Both were fifth-level members of the Art Association, around thirty years old. They were able to become fifth-level members naturally due to Richard's indispensable aid.

When Richard stepped out, Winona immediately noticed him. It wasn't because Richard was particularly noticeable. Rather, he insisted on wearing a suit with a morning coat wherever he went, which made him stand out in any crowd. Apart from his distinguished position, Richard looked like a typical elderly man

"Mr. Griffin, over here... over here!" As soon as Winona called out. Nellie quickly glanced over to see-Richard in his navy suit. followed by two men carrying suitcases.

Over the past few years, Nellie had seen Richard a few times, usually while accompanying Winona for art lessons. They hadn't interacted much, mainly because Richard was nearing seventy years old and they didn't have much in common.

Before he agreed to take Winona as his apprentice, Nellie personally visited Richard and handed him 15 million dollars. Fortunately, the money wasn't wasted, as Richard finally agreed to take Winona as his apprentice.

Richard also noticed Winona and was satisfied with her. Part of the reason he agreed to mentor her was Nellie's 15 million dollars, but Winona did show some talent. More importantly, the painting from Cyanbird that Winona received played a key role.

15:13 Thu, Oct 10 B

Chapter 117

The painting was the best evidence. With it, he had some leverage against Cole Pavben. There were too many association members who secretly doubted him, so Winona's painting became an essential asset.

Richard walked over to Winona and her friends, looking at her fondly. "Winona, you're still as beautiful as ever. Have you been under a lot of pressure lately? You look a bit tired." He then glanced at Nellie, who stood next to her.

Nellie smiled and nodded. "Hello, Mr. Griffin, it's been a while. How have you been?" As she talked, she brought Zeke over. "This is my son and Winona's brother, Zeke. Please look after him in the future"

Zeke, always quick to understand, gave Richard some flowers he had just bought at the airport and greeted him politely. "Hello, Mr. Griffin"

Richard nodded in approval. "Not bad, young man. You have a bright future ahead of you." He then glanced at Winona again, puzzled by the heavy dark circles under her eyes. Surely being excited about becoming his apprentice wouldn't cause this

Winona didn't bother to cover the dark circles; she had her reasons, Winona kept her head down, not responding to Richard. When Richard had finished speaking, Victor immediately stepped up. "Mr. Griffin, Winona is being bullied by her sister. You have no idea what her sister-

Winona tugged sadly at Victor's sleeve. "Victor, please don't say it. I'm begging you," she said.

Victor felt even more sympathy for her, his heart filled with indignation. "Why not? I'll say it. Yvette has bullied you so much, and you're still covering for her."

Richard looked confused. He had never heard this name before and hadn't been following Seacurity's news, so naturally, he had no idea who Yvette was. "Based on what he said, she's Winona's sister? But doesn't Winona only have a brother? Where did this sister come from? Richard thought, looking puzzled. He asked, "Who is Yvette? And who are you?"

Victor bowed slightly, speaking politely and respectfully to Richard, "Hello, Mr. Griffin. I'm Winona's fiancé, Victor Carter."

Richard looked him over carefully from head to toe. He had heard of Winona's fiancé, supposedly from one of Seacurity's four major families. He had also heard about the Carter family a few times in Betrico.

"Oh, so you're young Winona's fiancé. She'd mentioned you often. Nice to finally meet you. Not bad, young man. Are you saying that Winona's issues are related to her sister?" asked Richard.

Victor nodded and was about to speak when Winona politely addressed Richard. "Mr. Griffin, you must be tired from such a long flight, right? Don't worry about us, we'll take you to the hotel first. My mom has prepared a meal. Since you have a sensitive stomach, you shouldn't delay your dinner."

Winona appeared genuinely concerned for Richard's well-being, which touched him deeply. He was glad he accepted Winona as his apprentice and became less fond of this Yvette character even without meeting her. He also felt more genuine concern for Winona,

"Alright, let's listen to Winona. We'll go to the hotel first, and once we're there, you can tell me everything that's happened recently. Don't hide anything from your mentor. You're my apprentice, and I want to see who dares to bully you!" he said.

Nellie was secretly pleased. With Richard standing up for Winona, tomorrow night's plans were sure to go more smoothly. "Yes, you see, none of us are as thoughtful as Winona, Mr. Griffin must be hungry. Let's head to the hotel first."

Ethan and Zeke stepped forward to take the suitcases from the two men. The two men pretended to refuse for a bit but eventually allowed them to take the suitcases.

Just as Richard and the others arrived at the hotel, Winona's phone started ringing.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 118

Winona glanced at her phone/ greeted Richard, and asked Victor and the others to go ahead. Then, she went to a corner to answer the call.

"Hello." A stranger's voice came through the phone. "Ms. Chambers, I've given Lucas the sleeping pills as you instructed. He just thought he felt unwell and didn't suspect anything. He's already lying down. Like you said, he asked me to pick up Ms. Zeller, so I'm heading out now. I'll take her to the hotel as you requested."

He paused, then continued, "Ms. Chambers, you know how strict Lucas is with the household staff. If he finds out, I'm finished. So I hope you make sure to send me the 150 thousand dollars as promised. I've already booked my flight back home."

Winona was afraid that Fabian would make mistakes and get caught by Yvette, so she patiently reassured him, even though she was utterly disgusted on the inside. She usually felt dirty just by looking at this kind of household staff.

"Don't worry, Fabian. As long as you bring her over today, I'll make sure the 150 thousand dollars is transferred to your account. With that money, you can return to the countryside and reunite with your wife and children." Winona first dangled a promising reward in front of him.

Then, she paused and threatened him. “But don’t get too excited too soon. If you screw this up, you know the consequences. Crushing you would be as easy as stepping on an ant...”

On the other end of the line, Fabian was startled by Winona’s tone. He couldn’t believe that the usually gentle Winona could be such a frightening person!

Fabian also couldn’t grasp why Winona wanted him to take Yvette to the hotel instead of back to the Chambers residence. When he got Winona’s message in the middle of the night, he couldn’t believe it. He hesitated for a long time before agreeing.

After all, it was just taking Yvette to a hotel in broad daylight. Winona wouldn’t do anything inappropriate. Ultimately, Fabian couldn’t resist the temptation of money and agreed to Winona’s deal.

Winona hung up the phone with a sinister smile on her face. She deleted the phone number and transaction details, ensuring she left nothing incriminating.

Yvette walked out of Argrol University with a black backpack, still simply dressed in athletic wear and worn-out canvas shoes. With her current attire, who would guess she was the eldest daughter of the Chambers family, one of the four great families in Seacriety?

Fabian was standing next to the car and immediately spotted Yvette. In terms of looks and charisma, the eldest daughter outshone Winona by a mile. Before Yvette appeared, the housekeepers had already considered Winona beautiful. After Yvette showed up, they understood that there was always someone better.

He approached and lowered his head. “Hello, Miss. I’m Fabian Evans, Lucas’ assistant. Lucas is suddenly unwell, so I’m here to pick you up. Please get in the car.”

Yvette nodded and got into the back seat of the car. She took out her phone and opened the chat. The latest message was from Jeremiah. It read: [Aren’t you planning to invite me tomorrow?] The message was followed by a cute smiley emoji.

An imperceptible smile flickered across Yvette’s eyes, appearing and disappearing in an instant. Yvette was silent for a few seconds, chose not to reply to Jeremiah, and put her phone away

Then, she turned to look out the window, propping her chin up with one hand as sunlight streamed in through it. When the breeze blew, light and shadow danced, lending an air of tranquil leisure.

Yvette casually glanced at Fabian, who was driving. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

Fabian panicked, nearly losing control of the steering wheel. He had indeed peeked at Yvette several times. He thought she hadn't noticed, but it turned out she was aware of his every move.

He remembered Winona's warning and quickly explained to Yvette, "Ms Zeller, I'm sorry. I wasn't peeking on purpose. It's just... The more nervous Fabian got, the more incoherent he sounded. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Yvette looked away, her cool expression carrying a hint of sharpness. Fabian wiped his sweat. Yvette's gaze was too piercing. If she kept it up, he'd be unable to withstand it.

As he tried to hide his nervousness, Fabian's breathing became heavier. He didn't notice it, but Yvette immediately sensed the change in the car's atmosphere. The next second, she said, "This isn't the way to the Chambers residence, is it?"

Just as Fabian was calming down, he got nervous again. However, Winona had already taught him how to handle Yvette, so he had mentally prepared himself. His answer was much smoother this time.

"Ms. Zeller, today is the welcome party for Winona's teacher, Mr. Griffin. The family is at Exoir Hotel, and Mr. Chambers instructed me to take you there," he replied,

Fabian thought his explanation was perfect, but in reality, it was full of holes. Yvette glanced at Fabian, gave an amused smile, looked down, and stayed silent.

Since Yvette didn't ask any more questions, Fabian thought he had managed to fool her, and he felt much less nervous. After today, he'd take the money and disappear. It wouldn't concern him anymore.

Zachary rushed over to Room 203 of Exoir Hotel right after finishing work because he couldn't overlook Richard's reputation.

At first, Richard was unhappy when he didn't see Zachary. Nellie repeatedly explained that he was stuck in traffic, apologizing sincerely at the dinner table. Winona also chimed in with explanations until Richard's mood improved.

When Zachary finally showed up, it was obvious he was in a hurry, so Richard didn't make a fuss. After all, Zachary was his apprentice's father, and it was important to respect him.

Everyone at the dinner table was chatting animatedly, toasting each other. Zachary had been working in the business world for many years, so he naturally knew how to entertain Richard. In a short while, the two of them were almost like good friends.

Suddenly, Richard put down his fork and glanced at Winona, who was quietly sitting at the table and looked uninterested. Then, he looked at Zachary and sighed.

Zachary was confused, not understanding why Richard was acting this way all of a sudden. He asked with a puzzled look, "Mr. Griffin, what's the matter? Is there some difficulty you're facing? If there's anything I can help with, just let me know. I assure you, if it's something I can do, I won't hesitate to assist..."

Richard had just learned from Nellie and a few others that Yvette was Zachary's newly found daughter, and she had managed to cause quite a ruckus in less than a month since her return. According to them, she was a troublemaker, very crude, and, on more than one occasion, had bullied Winona.

Richard already regarded Winona as his apprentice, so he naturally felt the need to protect her. He paused with a feigned show of thought before speaking. "I heard that you recently found a daughter named Yvette, is that right?"

Not waiting for Zachary's answer, he continued, "These two girls are very dear to you. You shouldn't neglect one for the other. Winona has seemed very upset recently, but no matter how I asked her, she wouldn't tell me what was wrong"

He added, "Eventually, it was Victor who told me it's because your other daughter keeps bullying Winona. Honestly, the Chambers family issues aren't my business, but after tomorrow, Winona will officially be my apprentice. If no one else will care for her, I surely will. Don't you agree?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 119

Richard ignored Zachary's displeased expression and continued, "After Winona becomes my disciple, she will join the upper echelons of Betrico society. Seacurity can't hold her back. So, if anything happens to Winona again, I will seek justice for her, even at the cost of my reputation."

After speaking, Richard sat down without sparing a glance at Zachary,

Zachary was furious upon hearing that, but his anger was not directed at Yvette. Instead, it was aimed at the few people at the table, including Nellie. They clearly could not tolerate Yvette. In just a few hours, they had already poisoned Richard's mind against her.

Zachary shot a look at Victor, who was attentively sitting next to Winona. His gaze darkened, full of discontent. When Victor noticed Zachary's expression, he guiltily lowered his head. He was not wrong. Zachary was indeed biased towards Yvette, neglecting Winona.

Suppressing his anger, Zachary explained to Richard, "Mr. Griffin, we lost Yvette for over 20 years, and I only want to make up for the fatherly love she lacked all these years. If you think I don't care for Winona, that's a misunderstanding. Winona and Zeke

grew up with a silver spoon, with the best of everything. But Yvette suffered all these years outside, and I feel immense guilt towards her. So please, understand.”

Richard’s face stiffened. If Zachary had confronted him head-on, he would have had more to say. But now, reasoning, if he did not relent, it would seem ungracious.

with such

The room went silent. Nellie and the others dared not speak, knowing that Zachary was already angry, though he held back out of respect for Richard. Only Winona lowered her head, a small smile tugging at the corner of her mouth. That was exactly the outcome she had hoped for.

Two men in their fifties, refusing to give in to each other, and the tension at the table was thick with unspoken hostility.

The knock on the door momentarily broke the tension. Everyone assumed it was the food, and did not pay much attention, But when the waiter opened the door, all eyes turned to the person who walked in behind them, Yvette.

Except for Winona, who knew what was happening, and Richard, who did not recognize her, everyone else was shocked “Why is Yvette here?” they wondered.

Zachary was the first to react. In that situation, Yvette’s arrival was not a good thing. Richard was already siding with Winona, and now Yvette had walked right into the fire. Zachary was confused. He had specifically instructed Lucas to take Yvette to the Chambers residence. How did she end up here? What went wrong? he wondered.

“Yvette? Why are you here? Didn’t Lucas take you straight home? You were supposed to try on dresses this afternoon,” Zachary said.

Yvette paused, hands in her pockets, surveying the room with a cool gaze. Her eyes briefly landed on Winona before moving on. That single glance confirmed to Richard that what Victor had said was true-Yvette often bullied Winona

“Oh, Fabian sent me here. He said it was on your orders,” Yvette replied in a cold and indifferent voice, carrying her characteristic detachment.

Zachary quickly pieced it together. Clearly, someone here had plotted to bring Yvette to the hotel. After thinking it through, he realized that the only person capable of such a scheme was Nellie. His disgust for her deepened. ‘Once Sunday’s banquet is over, some things need to be addressed, he thought.

Nellie, noticing Zachary’s suspicious gaze, knew he was blaming her for sending Yvette to the hotel. She was about to explain. when Winona interrupted her. Enthusiastically, Winona approached Yvette and said, “Yvie, you’re here! Come in and sit. I know you

don't like sitting with me, so you can sit next to Dad. Excuse me, could we get another set of cutlery, please?"

Zachary gave Winona an approving look. At least she had not been completely misled.

Winona internally sighed with relief, her smile becoming even more sincere. She looked at Yvette as if she were her real sister.

Victor, on the other hand, felt that Winona was too kind, which was why she was constantly bullied by Yvette. That only made his anger grow.

Richard, now realizing that this young girl was the Yvette they had been discussing, sized her up from head to toe with a somewhat hostile gaze. Yvette sensed this and looked back, her expression calm but sharp enough to surprise Richard. This Yvette is no pushover, Richard thought.

Ignoring Richard, Zachary affectionately pulled Yvette to sit next to him, smiling with indulgence. "Come, sit with me," he said.

Yvette nodded, hands still in her pockets, and slowly made her way to the seat beside Zachary. She sat down, crossing her legs, completely indifferent to the eyes on her.

Zachary, doting on Yvette, continued to serve her food, not caring what anyone else thought. After all, it was not often that they had a chance to share a meal together. Everyone else in the room seemed to fade into the background.

Richard, seeing how Zachary and Yvette ignored everyone around them, grew even more displeased. Yvette clearly lacked manners, he thought. He deliberately let out a cold snort, loud enough for everyone to hear. "Mr. Zachary Chambers, your daughter seems to lack some respect. Does she not acknowledge my presence?"

Just moments ago, he was not addressing Zachary formally. The shift in tone made it obvious that Richard was angry.

Zachary, no pushover himself, grew colder as he replied, "Mr. Griffin, what are you trying to say? Are you suggesting that I've been a poor host? If you're unhappy with me, feel free to say so directly."

With that, Zachary subtly redirected Richard's displeasure toward himself, signaling that any issues should be dealt with between them.

Everyone at the table understood the message, though their reactions varied.

Winona was gripping her fork so tightly it nearly bent. Zachary was truly biased to his core. She had planned to use Richard

to teach Yvette a lesson, but expected Zachary would actually offend Richard for Yvette's sake, disregarding her

entirely. Winona glanced at Richard's angry face. Things were spiraling beyond her control.

Seeing Zachary siding with Yvette so openly, Richard felt humiliated. Since becoming president, he had been treated with the utmost respect everywhere he went. And now, Zachary was willing to offend him over a daughter he had only recently reconnected with. It seemed he was not afraid that Richard might refuse to take Winona as his disciple in retaliation.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 120

Richard put down his fork, and everyone at the table didn't even dare to breathe.

Only Yvette kept her head down, unaffectedly enjoying her meal

This behavior showed a lack of concern in Nellie's and the other's eyes, as Yvette heartlessly let Zachary take the heat for her without a second thought.

Nellie silently cursed Yvette, who sat across from her countless times.

Richard noticed it, too.

"Mr. Zachary Chambers, since you don't appreciate my gesture, I have nothing more to say. But your daughter is already in her twenties. Bullying her own sister is inexcusable. Everyone is here today, so she should explain herself. Can she really rely on the Chambers family to protect her forever when she enters society?" His voice was upset.

Then, he stared at Yvette, indicating he wouldn't let her go until she explained.

Zachary's anger flared. He wondered what Richard was referring to by bullying. He knew Yvette wouldn't waste her time bullying Winona. "You—"

"Who are you?" Yvette interrupted, her voice calm and steady.

Richard's eyes widened in disbelief. 'Does she really not know me: She must be doing this on purpose, he mused. Doesn't she even know who her family invited? How is that possible? She's clearly trying to insult me.

Winona stood up and nervously glanced at Yvette, looking scared. "Mr. Griffin, it wasn't intentional. She just got back from the countryside and might not recognize you. Please don't be upset."

Then, she glanced at Yvette again, her voice becoming softer. “Yvic, please apologize to him. Don’t make it difficult for Dad, okay? Please. Mr. Griffin’s health isn’t good, so please don’t anger him.”

Winona spoke with heartfelt sincerity and thoughtfulness. She appeared filial and kind, deeply touching Victor and the others.

It was clear to Nellie now that Winona was using Richard to pressure Yvette.

She, too, stood up and joined in the conversation. “Yvette, Winona’s right. Even if you don’t know Mr. Griffin, he’s still an elder. Just apologize, okay?”

Already displeased with Yvette, Victor desperately wanted Richard to teach her a lesson. “Yeah, Yvette, you were out of line. How could you disrespect Mr. Griffin?”

Zeke relished in the drama as Yvette’s ingratitude led him to give up his concern for her.

Winona was right. For now, Yvette was their mutual enemy.

He glanced at her with glee, curious to see if she would apologize in this situation, musing, Didn’t she always act tough? I wonder how she’ll maintain her bravado with so many against her.

“Yvie, Mr. Griffin’s older than Dad. Surely, you understand the importance of respecting your elders. Just apologize already. Why make this more difficult for yourself?” Winona urged.

Richard flashed a smug smile. With so many backing him, he was sure Yvette would apologize to him. Then, he would

humiliate her to vent his frustration

So, the man stood there, waiting for Yvette to give in and apologize, with everyone’s condemning gazes focused on her.

Yvette leaned back in her chair, casually crossed her arms and legs, and sipped her coffee. She lifted her cynical gaze and pressed her lips together, saying coldly, “You want me to apologize?”

Richard sneered. “As your elder, if you apologize to me, I’ll graciously forgive you. We’ve all been young and reckless. Just say sorry to me and Winona, and we can move past this.”

Winona struggled to contain the excitement bubbling up inside her. She could already picture Yvette bowing her head, humbly apologizing.

Yvette scoffed, her expression turning frosty. She couldn't remember the last time someone had told her such a joke.

"Do you really think you're worthy of my apology? A lot of people expect me to apologize, but..." she paused, a dangerous glint in her eyes.

The woman continued, "Most of them are dead now. If you're willing, I wouldn't mind sending you their way."

The others were stunned by the wild intensity in her eyes, briefly convinced that she was not lying and had actually taken at life.

Richard was so furious that his hands trembled. He pointed at Yvette while clutching his heart, looking like he was about to faint.

Seeing this, the two people with him quickly produced medicine bottles from their pockets, supported him, and fed him a few white pills.

Richard had a severe heart condition and almost always carried heart medication with him.

The two of them trembled with fear. If anything happened to Richard, they would lose their backing in Art Association.

Winona rushed over to him, helping him catch his breath while glaring at Yvette, dropping her niceties act

Zachary massaged his temples, feeling an incoming headache. He mused, 'Yvette is determined to drive Richard crazy. It's also bad news for us if Richard suffers a mishap here.'

Neither Victor, Zeke, nor Nellie expected Richard to be so upset by Yvette. They gathered around the man with concern while Zachary remained by Yvette's side.

Once Richard calmed down, he glared at Yvette, wanting to tear her apart.

He couldn't believe that she not only refused to apologize but also mocked him, saying she could end his life.

Yvette stood up lazily, glancing at him and the others opposite her.

Her expression remained unchanged in response to their hostile glares as if she were looking at a crowd of the dead

She turned to the side and raised a brow at Zachary. "Are we leaving or not?"

Zachary paused. He caught Yvette's gaze and understood what she meant. The choice was more than whether to leave.

Leaving would mean choosing Yvette while staying behind would mean giving up on Yvette in her eyes. Zachary smiled bitterly.

He mused. If that happens, she won't attend the event tomorrow

Zachary glanced at Nellie and Winona, seeing the hope and anticipation in their eyes.

Yvette glanced at Zachary, who seemed torn and indecisive, with irritation flickering in her eyes. She turned to leave.

Zachary gritted his teeth, decided, and looked at Yvette with determination. "Yvette, let's go. Let's head home together," he said.

The next moment, Nellie slumped onto the bench, her eyes red and frightening, showing signs of madness. Deep down, she still held onto a sliver of hope.

Even if he didn't choose me, he can't possibly leave Zeke and Winona behind, can he? They are his biological kids, too. Are they not more important than Yvette, who just returned to the family? she sobbed inwardly.

Meanwhile, Winona didn't react strongly, but the trembling in her left hand revealed her inner turmoil.